TAILOR-MADE GOWN IN PALE GRAY CLOTH, WITH APPLIQUES OF TRUE-LOVER'S KNOTS IN BLACK SATIN.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD.

INCONSISTENCIES IN THE PATRIOTISM OF GOOD MOTHERS.

HOW PHILANTHROPIC SCHEMES PRACTISED THROUGH "CHAIN LETTERS" BECOME ODIOUS TO THE PUBLIC.

A mother in war time is, to say the least, an inconsistent individual. A member of the now more than ever famous 7th, while recounting his woes to a sympathetic friend, telling how he had been literally insulted and reviled, and how one woman had actually cut him, while all the girls openly expressed their disapproval, ended up his tale of woe with these words:

"But the worst of all was my own mother. When the war broke out, and every one expected the 7th to go as a matter of course, the mater was inconsolable; she declared the war to be for an unrighteous cause; that it was altogether wrong to call out the militia for foreign service; that I ought not to think of leaving my business, etc. For a week she wept and refused to be comforted. So when we had our meeting and decided, under the existing conditions, not to volunteer, I thought she would be delighted, and on my way up to my room I knocked at her door and called out to her that she could make her mind easy, for we had decided not to go. What was my surprise, however, to find her the next morning at breakfast as stiff and sarcastic as possible.

"'I cannot say that I approve of the action of your regiment, Henry,' she said, to my amazement. 'I trust you at least were willing to fight for your country according to its needs.'

"And when I admitted that I had given my vote with the majority, she began to cry.

"'I always believed my son would be brave and patriotic,' she sobbed, 'I cannot understand it!'

"This state of mind lasted another week or more, and was not improved by the consolations of her friends. First she cried because I was to go, and then she cried because I didn't."

Another fond parent, who had tried vainly to dissuade her boy from volunteering, and who, when she thought there was a chance of his remaining at home, had wired him, "Do not go; it means danger, disease and death!" was thoroughly proud and delighted when he went into camp with his comrades, and is now the most rampant Jingo going. All of which goes to show that a woman must not be taken too literally.

THE CHAIN THAT DRAGS.

To the desperation of the many, "patriotic chains" seem to be the order of the day. At first it looks to be a simple enough matter to inclose ten cents to a given address and to write four letters to four friends, requesting them to do likewise, and in their turn to write to four other friends. Each of these letters is numbered until a particular number is reached, which completes the sum, when the last recipient sends his or her ten cents without further correspondence, and the "chain" is complete.

Easy as this may appear to be, it becomes a positive annoyance when several such letters come from divers friends, each making the same request. Then one realizes that the four letters one will have to write will each bring annoyance to the recipients, who have in all probability received other such demands upon time and patience, and who also feel the same reluctance to worry others that one feels one's self. Of course, it is the amiable people who suffer the most from this latest infliction. One woman, noted for her good nature, said recently she had received and "sent in" no less than twenty of these demands, which involved eighty letters on her part, and, consequently, 320 similar letters on the part of her friends, who were lucky indeed if her request was the only one of the kind they received. A conscientious young girl recently, on receiving her letters at a friend's house where she was visiting, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is it, Mary?" said her hostess, much alarmed. "Have you received bad news from home?"

"No-o," sobbed the child, "but I have got another chain letter, and I have just sent off my fourteenth, and I have used up every friend I have!"

"I inclose $1 with each letter of the kind I receive and return the letter to the sender," was the solution of one well-to-do woman who had been "pestered to death," as she expressed it, with chain letters.

"I tear them up," remarked an independent individual.

"But that breaks the chain and injures the charity," was argued.

"All the better," was the hard-hearted answer; "the sooner such philanthropy is stopped the better. It is a regular imposition!"

ALAS! FOR TIME'S WRINKLES.

Even in wrinkles there seems to be a choice.

"There are certain lines that have appeared in my face lately that I simply detest!" said a woman of the world, ruefully. "I do not mean the regulation wrinkles that traverse the forehead, or the usual marks between the eyebrows—even young people have these sometimes—and as for mine, I have had them so long that they seem quite like familiar old friends; but what I decidedly object to, and, in fact, loathe, are some new developments that I was unprepared for altogether and never expected. One is a curious, and, it does seem to me, an altogether unnecessary, line, commencing at the lower part of the cheek and running under the chin. It seems to commence from nowhere and to run to nowhere, and why it should be there at all I cannot see. The downward lines at the corners of the mouth and the inevitable crows' feet at the corners of the eyes, I was in a measure reconciled to, but not to the eccentric deviations that seem to have no raison d'être. Another sign of advancing years, which has come as a disagreeable surprise, is the appearance of my throat. My shoulders are really beautiful, although I say it myself, and never looked better, and in a low-necked gown I feel really proud of my neck, which is smooth and firm and white; but alas! my throat tells a tale! Now, why should it be different from the lower part of the neck, I should like to know, and why should one part get wrinkled and old-looking and another be firm and smooth?"

DAINTY "MYSTERIES."

The French have rather a pretty name for the small sash curtains which are intended to screen an interior; they call them "mystères," and exercise considerable ingenuity in their construction and

FRENCH SASH CURTAIN.

ornamentation. The little curtains of this kind pictured in the sketch are all dainty and elaborate, and are generally made of mousseline de soie. The first one on the left is turned over at the top, with the flap bordered with guipure lace, with each end gracefully bunched up and tied with a bow of ribbon. The lower one is a pale shell pink, finished at the top with ecru applications, while the third has a transparency of poppies in red gauze applied on a white ground, with green leaves. These transparencies, by the way, are exceedingly pretty, and charming effects may be produced by the use of different colors; even brilliant specimens of stained glass may be imitated in this way.

RUFFLE PATTERNS.

Tiny ruffles put on a gown in various patterns are all the vogue just now, and the detail of a French gown imported from a great house is worth

RIBBON RUFFLING AND APPLIQUES.

a study. The ruffle is gathered as in No. 1, is applied on the waist as in No. 2, and has the fitted flounce powdered with figures like No. 3.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Although the secret of eternal youth will never be discovered, and one must grow old nolens volens, it is no longer necessary to confine the season of youthful looks and feelings to within a certain term of years. It is chiefly a matter of temperament—and, it goes without saying, health as well—as to the length of time an individual may feel, act and even look young. One person is old at thirty, while another retains the indefinable and elastic quality of youth until well past middle age. It is very noticeable in these latter days that a prime factor in the longevity of youth is a love of sport.

The women who ride, who swim, who play golf, certainly appear much younger than their contemporaries who care for none of these things. As one woman remarked the other day: "With a small waist and a love of outdoor life there is no need of ever growing old."

Unhappily for the majority, however, the love of sport is inherent; it cannot be cultivated or assumed, and those who, for the sake of fashion or in the hope of becoming more juvenile, assume the role of sportsman soon grow weary of the effort and relinquish the struggle, whereas a natural taste for these things is one of the most desirable gifts that nature can bestow. In a much lesser degree a love of dress is a desirable quality, and should not be despised. Although many people consider such a taste puerile and frivolous, it is really a desirable one to possess. A woman who loves her clothes has always a resource which helps her to ward off old age, and if she happens to deceive herself more than others in regard to her juvenility, what does it matter? The pleasure is hers, all the same. A woman whose life has been full of anxiety and trouble, and who has retained her youthful appearance in spite of her worries, said recently that she could not feel grateful enough for her pronounced fondness for dress.

"It was born with me," she declared, "and it will be with me until I die, and I would not be without it for the world. Many a fit of depression has been cured by it and anxiety for the moment stilled. I pity the poor woman who does not care how she looks and who does not feel a sense of elation in a new gown!"

PHILADELPHIA BRICK TILES.

The most up-to-date country houses now have discarded the wooden floor of the veranda and have substituted in its place a beautiful pavement of tiles, or what is known as Philadelphia brick. These are of much finer quality than the brick used in building, and when evenly laid they make a beautiful surface of a rich dark red, forming an admirable background for the rugs without which no modern piazza is complete. The "porch" of what is known as a "Colonial" house nowadays is different, indeed, from the real article from which it takes its name, the fluted pillars being the only point of similitude.

Most stately and beautiful are these entrance ways, however, with their pavements, standard trees in tubs to mark the edge, beyond which spreads the perfectly kept green lawn dotted with clumps of rare trees. Then the spacious width of the veranda itself, furnished with rugs, luxurious chairs, tables and cushions, gives the house a doubly hospitable air; "so much more colonial," as some one remarked, "than the colonial houses themselves!"

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for thee alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

GUIDE TO IMMORTALITY.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—Psalm cxxxix, 23, 24.

Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me; my secret soul survey,
And warn Thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall Thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.
—JOHN MONTGOMERY.

The contributions received yesterday consisted of a box of embroidery silk from a T. S. S. member. A booklet was sent to Miss S. V. Engell. New members enrolled are Miss S. V. Engell and Miss Albina B. Carpenter.

A ROSEBUSH EIGHTY YEARS OLD.

President-General of the T. S. S.: Miss Abbie, daughter of Judge James Hyatt, of the Locustwood, Somers, N. Y., was greatly surprised a few evenings ago on finding on the white rosebush which has stood at the front steps of her father's house for more than fourscore years a rose very closely resembling the variety of roses known as the wild rose. What chemical action changed a white rose into a pink one must always remain one of nature's hidden secrets, but the change of color is far less wonderful than the startling change in the form and appearance of this nondescript rose. Whatever cause may have wrought this pleasing and striking departure from nature's fixed and fundamental law, "Everything after its own kind," this transformation in color and variety is but slight when compared with the changes which have come over the spirit of the dreams of men and maidens since the day when this rosebush, which has borne so many beautiful and fragrant white roses, was first planted where it now stands and whence for more than eighty Junes they have delighted the eyes and gladdened the hearts and welcomed the coming and blessed the departing of all who have entered the hospitable mansion at whose entrance it stands, as a sentinel of peace and goodwill.

Who can tell the simple story of this single rosebush and of its lovely emblems of purity and sweetness, of love and friendship? What gentle hands have eagerly plucked its blossoms? What loving hands have softly pressed them? What ruby lips have sweetly kissed them? How often have they adorned the house of gladness, and, oh! how often have they come into the home of the sorrowing, with their sweet and sacred ministry of comfort and consolation!

Blessed be every flower, but most blessed of all be the king of flowers—the rose. And may every flower which buds and blooms in and around our homes speak the praise of the gentle, loving hands which plant, tend and cherish them, and make pure, sweet and refined the hearts of all who look upon them!
—J. M. B. CAROTHERS.
Somers, N. Y., June, 1898.

THE FLAG IN NATURE.

All nature sings wildly the song of the free,
The Red, White and Blue float o'er land and o'er sea.
The white—in each billow that breaks on the shore;
The blue—in the arching that canopies o'er
The land of our birth, in its glory outspread—
And sunset dyes deepen and glow into red;
Day fades into night, and the red stripe retires,
But stars o'er the blue light their sentinel fires;
And though night be gloomy, with clouds overspread,
Each star holds its place in the field overhead;
When scatter the clouds and the tempest is through,
We count every star in the field of the blue.
—S. F. Smith, in The Pansy.

J. Augustus Rice, a Sunshine member who is doing great good in the society, has contributed lately to John Krell, of No. 10 Eaton-st., New-Haven, Conn., and also to Adolph Koch, in the Home for Incurables, Chicago. Special thanks are due to this member for his generosity.

Jennie E. Boucher, of No. 172½ Falls-st., Seneca Falls, N. Y., writes that if the plant-stand offered by another member is a new one she would be glad to pay expressage on it for the sake of securing it. Mrs. Boucher is an invalid and much interested in potted plants.

Will Mrs. Josiah Shove, who has been sending the Only Woman's Pages to a Sunshine member, please transfer the paper to Mrs. M. J. Meeker, No. 425 South Orange-ave., Newark, N. J.?

Mrs. Shove writes: "When we lived in New-York, and subscribed to the Mercantile Library, one of the young men showed me a book—a school reader or primer—in which were some verses about Isaac Shove and an inebriated individual—the scene in London. The book was printed, I think, about 1830. My father's name is Isaac Shove—we are from an English family. I should like very much to get a copy of the book or of the verses. Our name is so odd, I think the poem may refer to one of the original members of the tribe."

If any one can tell where the book can be secured will they please send word directly to Mrs. Shove, No. 8 Manchester-st., Pawtucket, R. I.?

J. C. Pumpelly, of New-York City, now at Pittsfield, Mass., sends the following quotation. He says "this is a time of thanksgiving over victory, and yet also is it our hour of conflict."

PRAYER FOR VICTORY.

"O Lord God of our fathers, art not Thou God in heaven? and rule not Thou over all the kingdoms of the heathen? and in Thy hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand Thee?"—II Chronicles xx, 6.

"Father, I call on Thee,
Roaring, the cannons hurl round me their clouds,
Flashing, the lightning bursts wildly its shrouds,
God of battles, I call upon Thee!
Father, Oh, guide Thou me!"
—Karl Theodore Körner.

Mrs. Jennie Loomis Bevin, daughter of the centenarian member, Mrs. Loomis, writes that the 100th birthday reception passed most pleasantly, and that "Grandma" enjoyed it all. She didn't even lie down for a rest on the 28th. Both "Grandma" and the daughter express thanks through the column to every one who sent greetings on that memorable day.

Margaret F. Jagger has sent a bundle of Tribune Supplements and Only Woman's Pages to "Uncle Dan." "Uncle Dan" has announced that all the reading matter and books sent to him have been distributed and he is ready to attend to more, if the members see fit to supply him. "The schools are closed," he says, "but the prisons are full."

Mrs. C. L. J. has paid her initiation fee by writing letters of comfort to an unfortunate member; sending silk pieces to Mrs. Vandenburg, of Honesdale, Penn.; pictures to Willie Farmer; views for the stereoscope to Mrs. Sickmond, and a copy of "Lead, Kindly Light," and $1 to Mrs. Mattie Gammons. Truly Mrs. J. is a welcome member and has begun by bringing smiles into many different homes.

Edward S. Black, counsellor-at-law, No. 763 Broad-st., Newark, has written a beautiful poem, "Evening," for the T. S. S. column. It has been filed for future use. Some little Sunshine member has sent ten copies of the publication "Dew Drops." There were forwarded immediately to a little child in the Colorado branch.

A dozen pairs of old kid gloves were sent in by a Sunshine member, to be forwarded to Miss Phoebe Boughman, of Cuba, Ill., an invalid Sunshine member, who uses the kid for making dolls' mittens and shoes as a means of support.

Mrs. Annie L. Mahler, of Union Square, has sent to Mrs. M. Eggleston a crocheted tidy, to Lydia Cary a crocheted lamp mat, to Mrs. Anne Perry and Daniel Harrison magazines, and to Miss Hattie Webster a package of silk and calico pieces.

CLASSIFYING SEAWEEDS.

SOME SPECIMENS ARE USED AS SAUCES AND MEDICINES.

THE BIRD'S-NEST VARIETY OF JAPAN AND CHINA IS CONSIDERED APPETIZING, AND ITS COLLECTION FORMS AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

There was a time when seaweeds, or algæ, constituted the despised and rejected class of vegetable life, and some varieties were familiarly known under such names as "mould," "blight" or "mildew." Botanists passed lightly over them or, for the most part, ignored them altogether, tossing them indifferently aside as children's playthings. They include, to be sure, some of the lowest forms of vegetable life, but they have an interesting story to tell us nevertheless. They were classed by the great Linnæus with the ferns, mosses, lichens and fungi under the general name of "Cryptogamia," a term no longer existing in a scientific sense.

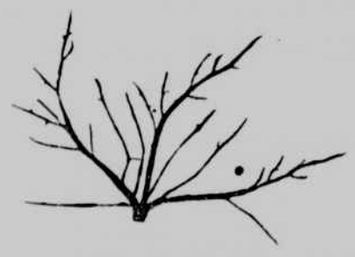
The idea of seaweeds being noxious was dispelled by the epicurean discovery that at least one seaweed made an appetizing sauce, the English name of which is laver (porphyra). Among the poorer classes in Ireland and Scotland the seaweed called dulse, or sea grass, is eaten, both as a food and a medicine. Americans are doubtless familiar with the "carragheen," or "Irish moss" (Chondrus crispus), which is used so largely in the preparation of jellies and blanc-mange. Seaweeds form a large part of the food of lobsters, crabs, etc., thus indirectly contributing to the number of table luxuries. Cattle and sheep are also fond of seaweed.

One of the most interesting seaweeds of all is possibly the bird's-nest weed (Gelidium) of China and Japan, which in those countries is collected by swallows for the construction of their nests. It is greatly esteemed in the bird's-nest form as a table delicacy, and the collecting of these birds' nests for such purposes forms quite an important industry. The nests that are most highly considered there are those taken before the birds have laid their eggs. The calcined ashes of seaweeds, called kelp, were formerly largely used in Scotland in the manufacturing of glass and other arts, but in consequence of easier and cheaper methods of obtaining the alkalies this industry has largely declined, and has been in our day almost entirely abandoned.

All forms of marine algæ are rich in soda, potash, iodine, bromine and similar elements, so that every kind of seaweed that can be obtained in quantity on the coasts may be most usefully employed as a manure and in many places is so used.

One can find seaweeds at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, Fort Hamilton, Bergen Beach, Canarsie and on Staten Island; in fact, almost anywhere along the coast washed by the ocean. The colors vary, ranging from olive to red, brown and purple to green.

Seaweeds may be gathered at all seasons of the year, but the best specimens are obtained in summer and in the early autumn. It is only needful to

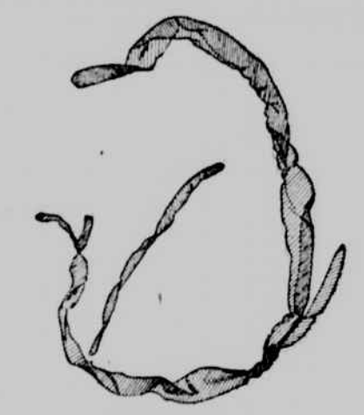


CHAMPIA PARVULA.

take a trolley ride to Fort Hamilton, and one may find examples all along the shore, especially after a storm, which often washes up varieties not otherwise found. A stout stick or an umbrella is a good friend when starting on a seaweed hunt, as, with the aid thus furnished, it is possible to gather specimens otherwise inaccessible. A wide-mouthed bottle may be used in which to carry gathered examples, although an abandoned beer bottle, such as is often found on the shore, may be pressed into service, or, in the absence of either, the weeds may be collected and wrapped loosely in a piece of newspaper. It will be better to make two trips than to try to gather everything in one.

often also the same weed presents a changed aspect when gathered at different times, because of growth and the result and development therefrom. Seaweeds should at once be placed in a basin of water and the mass floated. After a preliminary cleaning, a single specimen may be placed in a deep soup plate or a similar receptacle and washed carefully to remove any sand or other impurities that may cling to it. When quite clean, the water having been changed as required, the seaweed is then ready for mounting.

It is well to provide a hatpin, a knitting needle



SEAWEED.

with a point or a sharp stick and some stiff paper. A pair of fine tweezers may also be used to grasp the seaweed and float it above the submerged card or paper selected as a mounting medium. When in a position considered satisfactory, the weed is laid gently upon the mount and the card withdrawn slightly from the water. The seaweed will adhere, and if it is desired to rearrange the fine weed filaments the card may again be lowered as far as required into the water, and by means of the needle spread out, so that all the end portions are disentangled and remain sharply defined. The card can then be slowly withdrawn on an incline until the arrangement is finally completed, when the mounts should be carefully drained and afterward covered with clean linen or other cloths, and possibly blotting paper, and then pressed under books or other weights. When quite dry, their locality should be marked. Many of the weeds will from their own glutinous secretions adhere to the card, but in some cases small strips of gummed paper may advantageously be used to fasten the specimen in position. A few trials will impart considerable skill.

WOMEN AND THE BALLOT.

Under the new Constitution of Louisiana, taxpaying women may vote on all questions of taxation submitted to popular vote.

The ballot for women was the subject of various speakers at the Denver biennial of clubs. Mrs. Grace Patton Cowles spoke on "The Educational Value of the Ballot." Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, chairman of the Educational Committee, was the next speaker, her subject being "The Spiritual Significance of Genuine Democracy." Other speakers were Mayor McMurray, Mrs. Martha J. Conine, I. N. Stevens, Mrs. Lucretia L. Blankenburg, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Scott Saxton and Miss M. A. Pease. The last named was president of the State Federation when woman's suffrage was first obtained in Colorado.

Mrs. Margaret Brent is said to have been the first American woman suffragist. As Governor Culver's attorney, she entered the Assembly on June 24, 1647-'54, and demanded the right to vote, which the Governor promptly refused. The injured woman, with indignation, protested against all the acts of the session as invalid unless her vote was received as well as those of the male members. This fact is not generally known, nor is it mentioned in Susan B. Anthony's work on suffrage, although it is there stated that Mrs. Abigail Smith Adams, wife of John Adams, of Massachusetts, was the first advocate of woman's rights. It was one hundred and fifty years before this that Margaret Brent had expressed her views for the cause.

HUMAN HAIR STATISTICS.

It is a curious fact that red-haired people are far less apt to go bald than those with other colored hair. The average crop on the head of a red-haired person is only 29,200 hairs. Ordinary dark hair is far finer, and over three dark hairs take up the space of one red one; 105,000 is about the average. But fair-haired people are still better off; 140,000 to 160,000 is quite a common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman. A curious calculation has been made to the effect that the hairs on the head of a fair-haired person if they could be plaited together would sustain a weight of something like eighty tons, equalling that of five hundred people.—(Buffalo Sunday Morning Times.

VISITING THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools for the United States, has just started into the field to attend the summer institutes of the Indian schools throughout the Far West, and after that will visit all the agencies where schools are established. These visits will probably keep her in the field, continuously travelling and reporting on the schools, until December 1. The methods of teaching in the Indian schools form a most interesting study, and cover ground not included in the usual school curriculum.

TRIBUNE MENU.

FOR MONDAY, JULY 18.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Blueberries.
Blanc mange, with cream.
Soft-boiled eggs, corn fritters.
Fresh mountain fish, hashed brown potatoes.
Lamb chops.
Vienna rolls. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Sliced oranges.
Chicken sausages. Eggs. Lyonnaise potatoes.
Huckleberry cake, with maple syrup.
Dutch cocoa.

DINNER.

Beef bouillon.
Sliced tomatoes. Olives.
Broiled whitefish with brown sauce.
Roast Vermont duck. Fried bacon.
String beans. Mashed potatoes.
English walnut and celery salad.
Chocolate cake. Lemon sorbet.
Pecan kisses. Coffee.

ENGLISH WALNUT AND CELERY SALAD.

Shell enough nuts to make two cups of the meats and boil them in salted water with a slice of onion, half a dozen peppercorns and a blade of mace for ten minutes; then turn them into a dish of cold water and remove the skins. Cut crisp celery into small pieces; for the stated amount of meats have three cups of celery. Wipe the nuts with a soft cloth and mix them with the celery and a mayonnaise dressing. Serve each portion upon delicate lettuce leaves. This is a delicious salad.

CORN FRITTERS.

Two cups of cooked corn, two eggs, one cup of milk, one spoonful of baking powder, one cup of flour, half a cup of sugar. Have some beef suet simmering in a frying-pan, drop in a spoonful of the batter and fry brown. Serve with maple syrup or butter sauce.

HOW TO COOK AND SERVE FISH FOR SUMMER BREAKFASTS.

The summer breakfast should be a light meal. The opening course should be something that is easily digested, and will entice and stimulate the appetite. A fruit salad or fruit served chilled to about the same temperature it has when it is picked with early dews upon it is always an acceptable first course. At no season does the appetite need so much the stimulus of a properly prepared fruit salad, or of a piquant salad, such as watercress or peppergrass, as it does on a hot summer morning.

The meats that follow the salad should be of the lightest quality, or should be superseded by the egg course. The distinctively American part of the menu, the grain course, may be omitted in summer, or this part of the meal should be represented by the lightest grain food, like rice or perfectly cooked hominy, served with cream. Milk is not as delicious with grains as cream, and not as digestible. Cream is so much more nutritious than milk that it can be used in a smaller quantity and therefore may not be much more expensive. The light, delicate cereal foods, like blanc-manges of various kinds, suitable for summer breakfasts, call for cream. A simple gelatine blanc-mange, or a delicate custard, decorated with a little candied fruit or caramel, is sometimes used on elegant occasions on the summer breakfast table in the cereal course or in place of it. But, as has been said before, it is now the fashion to drop this course in hot weather or serve it only occasionally.

The meats or the ever-acceptable summer dish of fish, fresh from mountain lake or stream, must be delicately cooked. It must also be served in the simplest way without any of the elaborate sauces which, however excellent in winter, are sure to pall upon the palate in hot weather. Meats, delicately broiled, or fried fish and rechauffés, or "made overs," belong to this substantial part of the breakfast. It does not necessarily mean that a summer breakfast must be a costly one because it is a dainty one, adapted to the season. The housekeeper who serves coarse foods, or food at inopportune times and seasons, is usually a more extravagant manager, and always a more unsatisfactory one, than she who serves the appropriate dish in its season.

LAVISHNESS UNNECESSARY.

It is a vulgar mistake, as well as an extravagance, to serve a superabundance of food. Coarse excess spoils the appetite of one with refined tastes. An ample sufficiency, and no more, is the correct rule. No housekeeper need be ashamed of portioning out the food of the various parts of the meal to the number to be served. It is not only more economical to serve only a sufficiency of food, but more elegant. Two eggs, for example, are enough to allow for a service of boiled eggs to one person, but when scrambled eggs or an omelet is served one egg to a person is enough if the eggs are followed by fish or meat. A single chop of ample size or two lamb chops is sufficient for a service of meat.

Where a course of eggs, however, is the chief dish of breakfast, and is not followed by meat or fish, the supply must be more ample. No one in modern days is supposed to make a meal from a single course.

Summer is the proper season for the majority of fresh-water fish. In the interest of good digestion and good taste fish should be used liberally in summer, especially on the breakfast table.

Chicken sausages are a delicate and delicious "made-over" dish, or may be prepared from uncooked chicken. Separate from the bone and skin remnants of cold chicken, and chop them as fine as possible. Add to every pint of chopped meat a blanched sweetbread, chopped fine, and a tablespoonful of butter. Add also to the mixture one-half as much bread crumbs as there is of the chopped meat. Add, if convenient, two or three chopped mushrooms. Mix a half-cup of cream and two eggs in every pint of meat and bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in afterward the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put two tablespoonfuls of the mixture in each of the small squares of mosquito netting cut out for the purpose, and drop them into boiling water to cook for five minutes, or until the egg is set. Untie the sausages, and when they are cold dip them into melted butter and brown them in a frying-pan or broil them on a gridiron. These sausages are nice served with a few drops of lemon juice squeezed over them and a little butter added as they are sent to the table. They are especially fine when made of raw chicken. In that case they must be cooked in boiling water about five minutes longer.

PRINCE OF GAME FISH.

Black bass is sometimes called the prince of game fish. Properly cooked it is certainly a rival if not superior to the best trout that ever was caught in mountain stream and cooked by expert hands. There are three varieties of bass known to New-York markets—the sea bass, the striped bass, which is one of the choicest of dinner fish, and the black bass, the favorite fresh fish of a vast number of sportsmen. There are also several other varieties of fresh-water fish known to sportsmen, but none of these, however, compare in delicacy or flavor with black fish.

Black bass is excellent served for breakfast in filets. Skin the fish; remove the filets in the manner already given in these columns. Season the sections of fish, and either fry them brown in butter or broil them. Add a maître d'hotel butter or lemon juice and fresh butter.

Clam fritters perfectly fried and made as follows make an excellent breakfast course, taking the place of the fish course, or of both fish and meat: Chop fine twenty-five freshly opened clams. Measure out two cups of flour; sift the flour three times with an amount of soda the size of a large pea. Stir a cup of clam juice into the flour, then add the chopped clams, and finally put in a dash of pepper and two eggs. Beat the batter vigorously. When it is even and light melt two spoonfuls of butter in a hot frying-pan and drop in large spoonfuls of it, making fritters that barely touch each other when they spread. Cut them separate and turn them. They should be a rich golden brown on both sides. Serve them at once. Some persons prefer thirty-six clams to the batter given.

ALL ABOUT MUSHROOMS.

THE GLISTENING COPRINUS VARIETY FOUND IN BARNYARDS AND OLD GARDENS.

IT IS NOT TO BE FEARED, AS ITS GENUINENESS IS EASILY TESTED—DELICIOUS DISHES FOR THE SUMMER TABLE.

Many a delicious little entrée and a tempting luncheon dish is passed by or actually destroyed because few people know how good and savory is the little black-gilled mushroom,—Coprinus micaceus—that grows everywhere all summer long.

In pasture lands, on manure heaps, and around barnyards some of the coprinus family are sure to grow. They are all delicately fashioned mushrooms, and some are so airy and graceful as to give no hint of their coarse surroundings. But coprinus micaceus is a little more fastidious. It generally grows on decaying wood. An old stump is one of its favorite places. Around this stump will spring up dozens of these little plants, growing in clusters, like half-opened Japanese parasols tied together at the handles.

Even along the sidewalks of city streets or in back gardens where a tree has been cut down they will spring up in quantities. But they are generally promptly stamped out of existence, and the children are warned not to go near them, whereas they are not only harmless, but most appetizing as articles of food. The possessor of one of these mushroom stumps should be happy, for he will have several successive crops through the summer, and around a rainy period, often just before one, he may count on a feast.

THE DESCRIPTION.

If the description is carefully noted one cannot mistake this mushroom. It has a white, fragile, hollow stem, two or three inches long. The cap is a pale, whitish buff or tawny color, with darker color on top, and is somewhat bell-shaped when young, opening wider when older. It is small, only one or two inches broad. The shining particles on top, that glisten in the sun like mica, give it the name micaceus, or "glistening mushroom." The gills, or little ribs underneath, are the distinguishing features. They are almost black, with dark-colored spots, except when the plant is young. To be sure that one has the right thing, it is well

COPRINUS MICACEUS.

to look at a number of them growing around the same stump. If the older ones are expanded their umbrellas, and have black ribs which leave a smutty mark on the finger, and the smaller ones are but half-opened, with pinkish, purplish gills it is the genuine glistening coprinus.

HOW TO COOK THEM.

To cook them, a large quantity must be gathered, for they dwindle away. The tough stems are removed, and the caps tossed and fried in sweet butter and served on toast, or else they may be added to a sauce made by browning a tablespoonful of flour in butter and adding a cup of rich stock or milk. Such a sauce requires about one hundred mushrooms. If the gills have begun to turn black they will have a wilted look, which is not so inviting to the amateur as to the connoisseur, who knows the fine flavor to be expected. It is better always to select those with pink gills, as the mushrooms do not keep fresh long. They may be strung on threads, hundreds at a time, and dried for use in winter, when they will puff up as soon as they are soaked in water.

One member of the family is so black that it is called the "inky coprinus." It is good to eat, but it wants to be snapped up as soon as it appears above ground, for it soon begins to drip black tears, and before long sinks into a black puddle, which would serve as ink to any one who was hard up for that commodity.

A third and most delicious variety is the "shaggy coprinus," or "maned mushroom," so called because on its long, oval cap it has dark, rough-looking scales. A cluster of these pushing their way out of the ground looks like a nest of goose eggs standing on end. The white, delicate cap will often grow to be three inches long before it opens, and it is in this state that it must be picked for the table, for it soon turns black and spoils. But if taken when young and removed from its thin, white, hollow stem it is just as good, so say its epicurean lovers, as the field mushroom.

PHILIPPINES THE PLACE FOR WOMEN.

No law in the Philippines is more quaint than that which relates to the property of married persons. It is entirely in favor of the wife. Property of a bride is never by any chance settled on a husband, and if he is poor while she is well off, he can only become at most an administrator of her possessions.

After death the property goes to her children and blood relatives, unless she has executed a deed in her husband's favor under the eyes of a notary. A married woman bears her maiden name, but adds to it that of her husband with the prefix de. Children bear the names of both parents. The independence which women enjoy in the Philippines is said by Miss Garnett to afford evidence that Mill was wrong when he assumed that "the subjection of women" is immemorial and world-wide. After the marriage ceremony the husband symbolically endows the bride with all his worldly possessions. It is clearly a case, so far as the wife is concerned, of "what is yours is mine, what is mine is my own."

THOUGHTFULNESS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

In one of the broad streets of Kingston, N. Y., the handsome houses, surrounded by well-kept lawns, with beautiful flowers and palms, attract general attention. In the midst of these there is one house that never fails to arouse the curiosity of the passer-by. It is built in a contrary way from the others; the back, instead of the front, of the structure faces the lawn and street. The explanation is that the mistress of this pleasant home has some original ideas regarding the rights and privileges of servants.

"They are the workers," she says, "and a large portion of their time is spent in the kitchen and laundry, and if the outlook is pleasanter and the activities of the street are pleasing to them they are entitled to them all. The drudgery of life needs all the brightening it can have."

The fashionable caller to this house must be content to drive to the opposite side of the house. To be sure, this commands a fine view of the Catskills, but even if the scenery was devoid of natural beauties one feels that the thoughtful woman who presides over this household would still have considered her servants, and given them the most attractive side of the house for their daily workrooms.

AN IMMENSE CHINA CLOSET.

The Czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of china than any other person in the world. He has the china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.